Monks House.

Christmas day 1936

I am greatly touched by the calendar because I can't think how you remember them all. Seeing you have now 105 pleasures to give — & then a calendar, on top. But not add how much more one sees in a photograph than in real life! I never noticed the pillars before. I'm deep in Roger Fry & trying to master his aesthetics. What he says is if you take them in practical terms, the aesthetic theory work: & now I'm not wearing all Abraham, I can see the door.

But this letter is in fact to ask if you Harold won't come to lunch one day next week? Leonard wants to talk politics; & I, in my humbler sphere, would like to see you both. Could you? Both, a separate; or write the hop. only let me know so that

I may put a fowl in the pot. And also
I must know what the secret about
Bryon that Harold went teh? Some one
has sent me a book with a very good
article of Harolds in it, & there he lets slip
this amazing fact.

Its a fair here. The sun walking in
the marshes: just up two great cormorant.
Now at Lieutenant for only have small blue
fancy bird - became it a Castle: that my
letter dig. I daresay you might net a
Sturgeon in the lake, but then did
have to send it to the King. Oh how
heavenly this to hear nothing but the wind!
In London. There'd be dear old Ethel
Scrannel Sherick.

Telephone number is 385 Lewe.

E.V.

NYPL

HAMILTON BARKER 2/5/62

Monks House Dec 31st 1935

That where we are – that why
Were we getting a fowl: for in London they are common birds
Ben rang up Harold, & Explained.
But I dont suppose ye'll want to
come over here in these floods: so
we must wait till ye're up.
I hope ye're not anxious about
Gwen? What ye say they vowed
Know more in January.
Soon the bells will be ringing
a new year beginning: which is, as ye
re, a kind of epic. That reminds me –
Brighton Corporation – to whom I ~~offer~~
applied about Cooking classes – are
teaching the Land this term. So why
Dont ye produce another poem at once!
I want a long poem to read now.

V.

T-O.

I've been in bed with a awful headache
for 2 days. so forgot to send the —
nor that it work sending. Excuse an
expression of Lachgas Devotion a
the part of your dear Bosman — Ich
go up a Sunday Thank. I hope to
see Harold in London.

San. 2nd 1936

Happy New Year

NYPL

Jan 29. 1936

52 T.S.
Fudry

Dearest Creature,

I'm heartily sorry. You know
how I hate that you should have this
cerpicks. But I do hope it will go well.
Give Gwen my love.

No of course you're not 'in disgrace'
with me, & never will be. Surely
that's as plain as a pikestaff &
needs no saying. I Chuck me as
often as you like, I don't give it a
moment's thought. — as I should you.
And I can be of any use — or
this house — but that goes
without saying too

Love from us both.

V.

Badock Vean
Falmouth.

May 14th 1936.

Dearest Creature,

I was very nice to see your blue envelope in the pigeon hole at Falmouth. I've been so cursed with headaches since Sat. that I've hardly stirred my pen even to address a letter to the tormentor of Corgi. I went sad had screwed my head to my spine rather better – it such an infernal nuisance, dotting – dotting in bed + out. Oh for that bath. I'm so thankful not to be aboard + look at the proofs – as had the steerage wanted to put it off. I should be delighted to tie a stone to it + drop it with the Atlantic – But I'm even so much better.

Yeah the old ladies' gentlemen weren't pattering + chattering round me – ? I'm watching to a foxtrot in the Lounge –

I should fill at least 30 pages entirely with descriptions of Cornwall. My word — what a country! Why do we ever spend any part of our short lives in Surrey Kent & London? We dribble from bay to bay, & have discovered an entirely lovely virgin country — untra bungalow-ridden, only tufts footprints on sand. Here, there a cattle, & an old man fishing in his rowboat with the sea breaking behind his shoulders, & a rim of white green hill. Who owns Caerhays Castle? Why don't you! Gus must come & see it — it is far better than the Land End — we're just in from Coverack & the Manacles. However, what I am writing to say is: for goodness sake choose your subject; whichever you wish; & let us have it. What a humorous, scholarly author you are compared with — but I hear — blank for fear of libel. (I say) in the meantime we want another volume of poetry. Falmouth has a row of Regency Edwardian. Do they pay? do they sell? because I was asked to give them Orlando, in my hasty way. I only want to write poetry about the Atlantic. We get back next week. Any chance of

seeing you? — V.

NYPL

interesting memoir in 280,000 words, of his family: which I have to read in 2 days, & to which I must return. Tell me about old Ethel. The is splendid — next week the Potto's old & unaltered affection. Monks Horton. Thursday V.

20th Aug 1936

I've been meaning to write & send a cheque for the Foundlings. Nor I. Tell me he has done both. I wish my cheque had been larger. At the moment I'm rather cheeseparing, as I've earned so little this year. However I'm getting along at last, & I daresay next year I shall have no square for stringjoints. But oh Lord the number of letters that come — (not as much as to the point as yours) about the unpriseners. The insulted the injured the builder. The putters down — all wanting money from devils. Here's a letter from old Ethel — I set one daily. This time she has been asking for why I'm enraged about the abuse of Bloomsbury. God knows what a talk the magpie have picked. The truth was

the kept on saying at By for not admiring M. Barrie;
after which I hit Fly, ach the more became)
wanted an excuse to say nothing about her article, a bad one,
on that great master of fiction. And now the terms
to thank I complain of abuse. Not a bit — not a
bit — only of young men who insist when coming
to dinner, & then go away & send me articles in
which they decide By: but haven't the courage to
name names. to) daresay, as this had just
happened, I wrote too strong; & she'll have got it
wrong; but I can trust to you not to let her
make mischief between us. If Bloomsbury
could only smell so strong that nobody would
come near Tavistock Sq.) I should be
oh so happy. I've been so happy down here.
And we're only 3 weeks left. At the moment
Come over — perhaps we may take. I'm coddling, because when I have to talk, — & people will
drop in — then my head aches: & my publishers are
on & can imagine publishers would be — jerking
my chain a little. That reminds me: did I ever
tell you what a magnificent subject I think your
Spanish are? My mouth waters: I'm green with
envy. And yet I'm so placid & water bloated
down here, with long rays lying out, when it's fair,
in bed, when it rains, that I feel the 'income of
such' hemispheres wouldn't know me. Ched
Beetle Ranch has sent us an
amazingly

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62